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In Memoriam.

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IN MEMORY
OF
JAMES G. BLAINE.

Memorial Services
OF THE
California Legislature (Thirtieth Session).

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA:

1893.

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MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF THE

California Legislature—Thirtieth Session

COMMEMORATIVE OF

JAMES G. BLAINE.

In the Senate Chamber, on Friday, January 27, 1893, Senator McGOWAN offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The sad intelligence has reached us that death has claimed, as its last noted mark, that peerless and incomparable American, James G. Blaine; and whereas, we desire to pay the tribute of our admiration and respect to the worth and ability of that popular statesman, whose public labors and matchless eloquence accomplished so much for California in her struggle for the permanency and supremacy of Caucasian civilization; and whereas, we recognize in the loss of James G. Blaine a statesman of broad views, practical statesmanship, transcendent ability, and strict integrity; and whereas, we desire to give permanent form to the high regard and esteem in which the honored name of James G. Blaine is justly held by the grateful people of California; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Senate do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of James G. Blaine; that these resolutions, expressive of our intense sorrow at this death, be spread upon the Journal of the Senate, and that a copy thereof be forwarded to the family of our deceased statesman.

In moving the adoption of the resolution by a rising vote, Senator MCGOWAN spoke as follows:

One by one the great statesmen and soldiers whose patriotism and ability lent honor to the American name, and saved from destruction our popular Government, are passing away in death. Death, ever loving a shining mark, continues in its tireless work. The heroes who manifested their devotion in the trying hours of the republic are following to the other shore Lincoln, Sumner, and Garfield. And now our own matchless Blaine is numbered with the dead. In spirit form he holds high communion with Sherman, whose mortal remains sleep in the land he helped to make free; with Logan, whose consecrated dust is hallowed by the affection of a grateful people; and Grant, around whose name will ever live a halo of glory. Only a few days ago another statesman of the republic passed away. Looking at death's sad havoc, well may we say—

“One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow.”

There is one action in the political life of James G. Blaine that makes him beloved by the people of California, and for which we, as a people, have ever been grateful. At one time in the past it was extremely dangerous to the political fortunes of Eastern statesmen to advocate the cause of California in her effort to maintain our civilization against the invasion of an inferior race. Sentimentalists, ignorant of our condition, were asserting that California was radical and un-American in her demand against Chinese immigration. At every risk political

to himself, disregarding all adverse writers, James G. Blaine, in the Senate of the United States, became the advocate of free white labor and the champion of California. He then struck the keynote of the whole situation by telling the world that it was the struggle of the American cottage against the Chinese hovel. He stood like a giant, like an American knight, as he always was, to battle back the hordes of Chinese whose presence threatened the destruction of the best interests of our American commonwealth. California, gratefully looking to him for all he has done for her, now pays in sorrow the tribute of love to this great American, whose name in future ages will add luster to the pages of American history, and rank with the names of Washington, Webster, Clay, and Lincoln.

Aside from the regard in which California held him, he possessed a characteristic, manifested in all his public life, that especially endeared him to the American people: for in all he ever did or said James G. Blaine was progressively an American. He believed this nation was the grandest and greatest nation; that our people are patriotic and intelligent; that our nation is first in the race of civilization. Believing all this at all times, it was his doctrine, from which he never departed, that this Government should not abandon any right in the face of any foreign Government on the face of the earth. His name became the watchword on this principle, and he became the enthusiastic champion of all that is loved by American hearts. We are to be congratulated, as Americans, that there are times, in the face of a national sorrow, when we can forget party passion and prejudice, when we can rise above the commonplace in life, and, forgetting the past, clasp hands over the funeral bier of a great American, to feel in common the pang of sorrow in our hearts. Sorrowfully, with tear-stained eyes, a nation to-day mourns the loss of James G. Blaine, and the Senate of California, desiring to express the sorrow we feel, is asked to adopt the resolutions by a rising vote.

Senator GOUCHER, who generally leads the Democrats in the Senate, arose and seconded Senator MCGOWAN'S motion. He said he desired to do so as an American. In paying a tribute to so great an American as Blaine, politics are forgotten. Senator GOUCHER eulogized the dead statesman in a few well chosen remarks.

Senator BURKE, another Democrat, also paid tribute to the departed diplomat.

President REDDICK then put the motion, and the entire Senate rose silently.

In the Assembly Chamber, on the same day, the following resolutions, proposed by Mr. KAHN, were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

WHEREAS, We have learned with profound sorrow that the great statesman and illustrious American, Hon. James G. Blaine, has this morning departed this life; and whereas, in his life and public career we recognize a patriotic devotion to our country, and a continued effort for her supremacy and the advancement of her interests; and whereas, in the offices of the nation that he filled with such distinguished honor and eminent ability he proved himself a statesman of the highest order; and whereas, he ever has been the firm and constant friend of California and the champion of the rights of her citizens; be it therefore

Resolved, That we join the nation in sympathy and sorrow over the loss of her illustrious son; and be it further

Resolved, That we do now adjourn out of respect to the memory of the Hon. James G. Blaine; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be immediately telegraphed to his bereaved family at Washington, to whom we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Previous to the adoption of the above resolutions, Mr. DODGE offered the following concurrent resolution, which was carried:

Resolved by the Assembly, the Senate concurring, That a special time be set apart for a memorial address, to be delivered in joint session of the Senate and Assembly, in honor of the memory, life, and services of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and that a committee of six, three to be appointed by the President of the Senate and three by the Speaker of the Assembly, be appointed to select the time of and speaker for such occasion.

The Senate concurred in the resolution, and Senators MAHER, FLINT, and GESFORD were appointed by the President of the Senate, and Assemblymen FINLAYSON, LYNCH, and BUCKLEY were appointed by the Speaker of the Assembly, as the Joint Committee of Arrangements.

The Joint Committee fixed upon February 22, 1893 (Washington's Birthday), at ten o'clock and thirty minutes A. M., in the Assembly Chamber, as the time and place for holding the memorial services.

The Chamber, on the day set apart, was appropriately draped.

At the appointed time, the Senators, Assemblymen, and State officers entered the Assembly Chamber in a body, the orchestra playing Chopin's funeral march.

Hon. R. B. CARPENTER, President pro tem. of the Senate, presided.

The Joint Convention was called to order, and the following exercises were had:

1. Reading and adoption of memorial resolutions, as reported by the Joint Committee:

WHEREAS, The people of California have heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of that illustrious American citizen, the Hon. James G. Blaine; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Legislature of this commonwealth, in joint convention assembled, do express their sense of the national loss sustained and their estimate of the private character and public service of the peerless statesman in this tribute to his memory. James G. Blaine was the ideal American statesman. His mental grasp of public questions was unequaled, and his sympathies, like his patriotism, were ever broad and responsive. In thirty-seven years of almost continuous public life, embracing, in its measure, the duties of a legislator in the State of Maine, service in both houses of Congress, and positions in the Cabinet of the United States, his consistent and able support of every leading proposition, tending to the advancement of this country to the highest position among the renowned nations of the world, won for him a recognition reserved only for the greatest of men. Diligent study, ample resources of intellect, and, above all, an alert sense of patriotism, enabled him to comprehend, long before the clay was removed from the eyes of other statesmen, that unrestricted immigration from Asia to this land would inevitably degrade American labor on the Pacific Coast, and with the ready courage of his conviction, he fought in the minority for the industrial supremacy of the Caucasian race. His superb service, rendered in that recent struggle for human civilization, will ever be remembered by a grateful people in California. Voicing the sentiments of the people of California, we express our profound regret over the loss of this illustrious American

statesman, and express the hope that his example of fidelity to free institutions will speak to future generations.

To the family of the lamented statesman, we tender sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and as an expression of our feeling, it is directed that a copy of the memorial be transmitted to Mrs. Blaine.

2. "Not Dead, but Sleepeth" (*White*). Bass solo, by W. H. KINROSS; male chorus of eighteen members from the Sacramento Choral Society, accompanied by the Orchestra.

3. Invocation. By Rabbi J. LEONARD LEVY, of the congregation B'nai Israel, of Sacramento.

4. "Traumerei" (*Schumann*). By the Orchestra.

5. Poem. By RUTH E. NEWLAND, M.D.

6. "Sleep On, Beloved" (*Bliss*). By the Chorus, unaccompanied.

7. Address. By Senator G. G. GOUCHER, of Fresno County.

8. "Rest, Spirit, Rest" (*White*). By the Chorus and Orchestra.

9. Benediction. By Rabbi J. LEONARD LEVY.

10. "Solitude" (*Czibulka*). By the Orchestra.

INVOCATION.

By Rabbi J. LEONARD LEVY, of the Congregation B'nai Israel, of
Sacramento.

Almighty God and Father! Thou art the first, and
Thou art the last, and besides Thee there is no God.
Wherever we turn our eyes, or bid our thoughts
take flight, there art Thou; here in Thy majesty,
there in Thy power, everywhere in Thy love.
Whether we gaze adoringly on the heavens, fretted
with golden fire, or on the tiny blade of grass,
seeking the sun's rays and the refreshing breezes;
whether we stand amazed by the vast ocean, when
its angry waves are lashed into a fury by the tem-
pest, or by the purling brook, on whose bosom plays
the dainty ripple; whether we listen overawed to
the far-resounding peal of the thunder, or to the
gentle rustling of the leaves when the southern
zephyr "makes the trees clap their hands;" whether
we contemplate the forest giant, adorned with a
crown of foliage, or the tiny petal of the rose,
begemmed with the glistening dewdrop; or whether
we feel Thy presence in public and private joys and

sorrows, we are always impressed that Thou alone art God; that Thou art forever the same; that Thy years end not; that with Thee, majesty, power, and love are eternal.

Contrasting these, Thy infinite qualities, with the transient character of man's days on earth, we are led to ask: "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, the Son of Man that Thou takest heed of him?" On the side of his physical nature he is like the beasts that perish; but on the side of his spiritual nature, since he partakes of Thy divine essence, he is little less than the angel, endowed with aspirations and longings, yearnings and desires, that indicate that he is not wholly of this earth.

Lord God, we invoke Thy help that these cravings be rightly directed. We pray that more and more our natures be awakened to the force of the reasonable hope of that life when, divested of our earthly bodies, we shall awaken in Thy presence, perhaps to see the deeds done in our days of nature in their right light, perhaps to analyze the motives with which we performed them.

We recognize that there is also an immortality on earth for Thy children, O God. We feel that it largely depends on man himself whether his name be inscribed on shifting sand or on imperishable marble; that it depends on us alone, and upon the right use made of our faculties and the means at our disposal, whether when we lie in the silent grave,

when the tombstone has crumbled into dust as our bodies, and the grass thereabouts has withered, and the banks of flowers faded—whether our names be forgotten on the tongues of men; whether, like balloons with which children play, death makes a puncture in us and, falling into nothingness, we be entirely gone forever; or whether we shall have gotten for ourselves a name which death cannot touch, which age cannot impair, which clouds cannot conceal nor storms blight.

Help us, O God, to strive for this immortality on earth, even as we desire eternal life with Thee. Send us Thy light and Thy truth, and may they restrain our selfish passions and inspire us with generous sentiments. Teach us to feel that the elixir of eternal life is a specific composed of benevolence, sincerity, and unselfishness, to be used not only towards those of our own creed, race, and position, but towards all men, for we are all Thy children.

We thank Thee for this hope within our breasts, and for the possibility of its fulfillment. We thank Thee for the many examples which Thou hast furnished us in the form of illustrious men and women, by contemplating and imitating whom we feel that Thou wilt suffer our hopes to be realized.

It was because in our judgment our departed brother, in honor of whose memory we are here assembled to-day, was graced with noble qualities that we admired him—that we praised him living

and treasure his memory dead. Yet we know, O God, that Thou dost expect more, if this demonstration of affection is to be more than a sterile tribute. We know that Thou wouldst have us become inspired with his devotion, and we therefore beseech Thee to aid us to love what he loved, to struggle and fight for what he defended, to seek and strive for this great nation, to set America above our chief joy. As he was in all things actuated by a pure love of our country, as he was inspired with a deep and earnest longing to see her traditions honored, her institutions supported, and her people united, so, O God, may we be moved by like loyalty, integrity, and patriotism. Into Thy safe keeping we commit his spirit, in the full and certain hope that his righteousness will bring an exceeding great reward.

Thou who healest the broken-hearted and bindest up their wounds, send Thy heavenly comfort to those who mourn. Be a father to the orphan, and a protector to the widow, from the garden of whose existence the fairest tree has been plucked. Fill the hearts of all mourners with love and reverence of Thee to serve Thee with a perfect heart, so that when it shall please Thee to call them unto Thee their end shall be peace.

We ask Thy blessing on all assembled here to-day. They are all Thy children, and for all we ask Thy fatherly protection and benediction.

And bless our own land. May the hopes of all her founders and servants be realized. May her citizens recognize that national prosperity without moral nobility is as a gem in the forehead of a skull; that righteousness alone exalts a nation. May liberty continue to be our presiding genius; not liberty to do wrong unpunished, but liberty to listen to the voice of conscience; liberty to choose Thee, O God, for our master; liberty to excel in truth, purity, honor, integrity, virtue, duty. May America ever be the land of the brave and the home of the free. May this great fabric never fall. Cleanse all the administrations of national affairs. May those in office be upright, hating deceit. May legislators unselfishly and patriotically serve their country, and not their own ends. Take under Thy protection the President of the United States, and those dear to him, and all who administer the public affairs of this vast commonwealth, the Governor, and officers of this State and city, that through them order may be preserved, and peace, right, and liberty be fostered. Lord, hasten the day of blessed promise, when men shall truly regard each other as brothers; when hand shall meet hand in friendship, and heart speak to heart in love; when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks; when there shall be learned no more war; when shadows of ignorance, and superstition, and hatred shall have fled, and the bright light of

knowledge, religion, and love shall illuminate men's minds; when all shall acknowledge Thee as the one common God and Father, Thou who art one, and Thy name the One and Eternal God! Amen.

POEM.

By RUTH E. NEWLAND, M.D.

FATE.

The Ladder of Life found a resting place
Against the Ship of State;
At the foot of the ladder stood a tiny child
Awaiting the Angel of Fate.
His little hand had taken hold
Of the first round of the Ladder of Life,
To climb to the top with steps so bold
Midst greed, and gain, and strife.
The years went by, and a sturdy boy
Had climbed one third of the way;
His eyes were shining with peaceful joy,
His lips said, "The honors will pay."
The years rolled on, 'twas a manly form
That had gained a round or two;
He had battled with life through every storm,
With every honor in view.
He had gained the deck of the Ship of State,
His hand turned the wheel to steer
The ship from the rocks of destiny's fate,
But his eyes were honest and clear.

He saw in the future his country's fame
Among the nations of earth;
He saw among these a statesman's name,
And fate had given it birth.
He started again the ladder to climb
With hand firm, honest, and strong;
And said, "The last round, I will gain it in time,
And mount it midst pæans of song
From my countrymen's lips; they'll never forget
The work I've been trying to do;
And the Sun of my Life will never set
Till I've carried my life's work through."
At the foot of the ladder stood the Angel of Fate,
And she said, "It can never be;
The last round of the ladder comes too late
To thy hand, my charge, for thee.
The one for thy hand is not for this earth—
It is not of the Ladder of Time;
It will be touched in glory with Eternity's birth
When the Celestial Hills you climb."
'Twas a sad old man that heard those words,
For avarice, and greed, and gain
Had kept his hand from gaining that round—
This is the "Life of James G. Blaine."

The Last Round of the Ladder.

Then the Angel of Fate winged her flight to Heaven,
And stood at the Golden Gate
To open it wide to a soul forgiven
Of sin; and there to await
The coming of him who her charge had been
Since a babe in his cradle had lain.
The question was asked, "Who will be seen
When he enters?" "It is James G. Blaine."

I wish to be there to welcome him home,
 To give him his just and due;
To our home in bliss we wish him to come,
 For he has been good and true.
The question was asked, "While living on earth
 Can you tell the work he has done?"
"Oh, yes, for he was given the name at his birth—
 The name of America's Son."
He has never failed in his upward flight
 From the first round of the Ladder of Life;
To battle for truth, to battle for right,
 He has always been first in the strife.
His life was a gem of clear whiteness,
 He was gentle, and kind, and true;
His life has been lived with steel brightness
 In all he's been trying to do.
I saw him first as a gentle child
 At the foot of the Ladder of Life;
I have sheltered him midst tempests wild
 Of greed, and gain, and strife;
I have been by his side as he touched each round,
 In climbing the Ladder of Fame;
I have kissed his brow when I heard the sound
 Of each groan of anguish and shame.
When the roar of the cannon, of shot and shell,
 Told of conflict, of war, and of strife,
The heart of the statesman in his bosom did swell.
 Then his country had need that his life
Should be spent in the work of political toil.
 With tongue, pen, and soul in the van,
He ne'er failed in duty, he ne'er did embroil,
 But was ever the peace-making man.
I have stood by his side when each feather in wing
 Seemed to quiver with anguish and sorrow;
I have turned aside malice, and have taken the sting,
 And have whispered, "Just wait till the morrow."

Of closing his life, to see him walk in
At the entrance when the gates open wide,
When those glorious forms with no taint of sin
Walk in glory close by his side.
That heavenly throng of angels so bright
Will each stand with close-folded wings—
Will be mute with surprise in the realms of light,
And the seraphs will all cease to sing,
For a soul has come from the "Sorrowful Star,"
Has come home to the bosom of God.
They have heard of that life midst its tumult and war,
And the straight path of duty he trod;
Then we'll give him a welcome, we will open the gate,
Each harp will be ready and sweet—
For the one to precede him is the Angel of Fate,
With laurels to lay at his feet.
But one of them all to his touch will be given,
It seems with earth's memories rife;
It has come to his hand midst the glories of heaven,
It's the "Last Round of the Ladder of Life."

ADDRESS.

By Senator G. G. GOUCHER, of Fresno County.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: We are gathered here to lay upon the grave of James G. Blaine a fresh garland of glory, plucked from the warm hearts of seventy million Americans.

In tendering this tribute to the illustrious dead, we have honored ourselves in selecting a day that commemorates him who "was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The stricken procession of unsheltered heads, bowed forms, and tear-stained faces of other Americans in Pennsylvania, in Maine, in the District of Columbia, has not passed unobserved by the great-hearted host who populate the Golden State. Divested of partisan jealousy, we have assembled at the bier of a great statesman, and from this solemn presence and consecrated spot we send across the rivers, the mountains, and the valleys, to the confines of the roaring Atlantic, assurances of our sympathy and announcement of our sadness.

Over our own hearts the sable, hovering pinions of sorrow have been spread, and their black shadows have eclipsed the California sunshine in our breasts. We discover in the conclusion of such a sacred message to our Eastern brethren the silent summons to return our minds to this occasion and this place. Surprising, yet pleasing, is the discovery that when our minds concentrate again upon this occasion and its cause, the desolating touch of sadness and sorrow begins to flee under the pursuit of a strange enjoyment. This feeling cannot be analyzed except through the reënforcement which comparison may afford.

None can stand on the seashore and watch the distant incoming waves, their dancing crests sparkling in the jewels that seem kisses stamped there by the tender and softened light of the stars, without feeling happiness in the thought that such beauty will come rolling and smiling shoreward forever.

None can gaze upon the hillsides through the sweetened air of springtime and see the manifold bloom that a great God has unfolded, like a gorgeous carpet, without the entrancing reflection that such vision is to be repeated through countless centuries.

None can look upward to the sublime heavens and feast his soul upon the distant diamonds, that seem like angels' eyes, without rejoicing in the knowledge that this shining coronet belongs to all time and all generations.

Inspired by these feelings that captivate the heart and command the intellect, it is appropriate to seek their relatives in history.

Whenever peril, from either within or without, has appeared against our country, the emergency has always sent out in freedom's vanguard the man or the men for the hour. We have had our Warren and our Washington; we have had our Lawrence and our Sumter; we have had our Patrick Henry and our Harry Lee; we have had our Winfield Scott and our Farragut; we have had our Grant, our Sherman, and our Sheridan; and also our Webster, our Clay, and our Calhoun.

Yet, to no heart pulsating on our soil has ever come inconsolable sorrow that these men lived, or that, in the fullness of their years and their honors, they bowed to heaven's decree, and died.

In her great and matchless names we may see the supreme safety of the Stars and Stripes, and the unbroken ramparts that stand eternal guard around the union of the States.

We may then appropriately feel that, in tendering our tribute to the great dead, we are but lifting their names to an immortal station in the cloudless sky of our nation's love.

We may upon such occasion take selfish payment for our own action, in the reward for which reason furnishes security that the uncounted generations yet hidden behind the future's mystic curtains will

ever turn their patriot eyes upon the name we are humbly striving to distinguish to-day.

No nation can sustain itself without some source of patriotism which inspires the young people of the land.

When the true American statesman, in the evening of his impaired strength, turns his failing eyes toward the temple of American liberty, and feels the stronger beating of his dying heart, his patriotic hope will always gather about it the raiment which falls as gently as a snowflake and as welcome as a sunbeam from the shining names of his country's fallen and buried guides.

Without the name and record of Washington how could we teach our boys the inspiring lesson which has sent our flag like the rainbow of promise before all liberty-loving people on earth?

Without Captain Lawrence how could we explain to our growing sons the story that no flag can fall which is supported by salutation coming through the frosts of death as they seek to seal and lock the lips?

Without Marion how could we hope that young American eyes would open like full moons as their memory lifts the great story of his sacrifices into a monument forever dedicated to the cause of freedom?

Without Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Corwin, Lincoln and Sumner, Benton and Douglas, where will we go to arouse the sleeping eloquence of the

romping and smiling children, now our thoughtless heirs, yet soon to be our dignified successors?

And to-day let us find enjoyment in the knowledge that James Gillespie Blaine has risen above death to the sublime station from whence his brilliant qualities and his untiring devotion to the American Union will always send a blessing down to electrify the young American, and to persuade him to noble action.

To the constellation of great Americans we must now consent to send its newest, if not, indeed, its best and brightest jewel. There let that name live, shedding the stimulating rays of its own deserving upon the growing millions which are to lead this nation upward and onward to undying fame.

Some time in tamer hours it may be proper to recall the fact that Mr. Blaine was born in West Brownsville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, on January 31, 1830. Certainly it is not inappropriate to say that the Irish people, whose blood and brawn have been brave and free on every field that has heard the voice of freedom for a thousand years, furnished Mr. Blaine his honored parentage. But when he was born his country was the world, and his relatives were the decent inhabitants of all civilized countries.

Mr. Blaine's education was like his superb ambition. It was broad, expansive, and completely American.

What satisfied so many minds was but the budding of hope in his. His fine literary inclination led him to journalism, and journalism led him to his long-loved State of Maine. His remarkable talent for successful discussion upon great national problems enticed him into the noisy and active battle of politics, and there he soon became the leading knight, whose banner always measured the course of march, and whose clarion voice always sounded reviving music to the sinking hopes of his followers. Naturally he was sent to Congress, and there he found a wider field for his unrivaled powers, and, as easily as he had conquered in smaller stations, he won his triumphs in the new and greater.

The marked features of his Congressional career are in the brilliant and dashing method of winning victory from apparently hopeless conditions. He was the triumphant Alexander of political campaigns, the unequaled Bonaparte of debate; yet he was ever the hero of mercy to a fallen cause or a beaten antagonist.

Some there are who embrace the very excess of celebration in the hour of triumph, but Blaine was too tender of the feelings of those whom his victories had prostrated to ever smile in their presence at his own successes. Thus it was an open way for him to stand a welcome visitor at the hearths of his adversaries.

Beyond the confines of our beloved country his

name became a symbol of fear to those who meant us harm. In foreign countries he excited mingled surprise and admiration in the ranks of those trained and veteran diplomats whose opinions are worthy of quotation. To Gladstone and Salisbury at London, to Bismarck and Caprivi at Berlin, to Gortchakoff at St. Petersburg, and to Andrassy at Vienna, he introduced the fresh and lustrous vigor of diplomacy, which came with a glittering shield and polished helmet from the West.

All Americans have been proud to concede that Blaine was one of the most ardent lovers of America that any generation produced. But some have doubted whether his great heart was endowed with that sentiment and poesy which go out like the bubbling waters of a crystal spring to our famous fellow countrymen. An insight to his heart in this regard is afforded by the beautiful closing words which Blaine uttered in memory of his friend, the lamented Garfield. I quote them now because they uncover the tender heart that lay within the breast of James G. Blaine:

“Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation’s love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the

assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea—to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward, to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

In conclusion, let us remember that Blaine's great soul, like Garfield's, has floated above into the eternal rewards that fall upon good men's heads, in that union which is around the throne of God.

Like Garfield, he has left the pains of earth for a glorious destiny. Like the name of Garfield, his name has ascended to the zenith of American fame, and there it will shine forever, inspiring the flower of American manhood to hasten to the front on that broad and splendid highway which leads to the best permanent progress for the American Union.

BENEDICTION.

By Rabbi J. LEONARD LEVY.

May the spirit of God be with you all. May the services of to-day leave with you an abiding influence. May the example of our heroic and patriotic brother arouse within you a purer and more elevated love of our native land. May God bless you and keep you. May God cause His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. May God cause His face to shine upon you and give you peace. Amen!

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30 p. 25cm.

1. Blaine, James Gillespie, 1830-1893.
I. Blaine, James Gillespie, 1830-1893.
✓II. Title.

